

in a hurry," but he was taken to the station house in spite of his protestations.

It seemed the open season for black bags, for the policeman had no sooner returned to his beat than he was approached by a young woman who carried a black bag. She answered not at all to the description, but he took no chances. In answer to his inquiries she said she was a Sunday school teacher and that she had a prayerbook and a Bible in the bag. The Bible was clasped with a lock and she would not open it, indignantly claiming that it had belonged to her grandmother and she didn't purpose to have it desecrated by vulgar hands. "Very well," said the "copper," "but I'm takin' no chances." And he took her to the station house.

At the same time another policeman rounded up a man who said that he was a lawyer and that his black bag contained a sealed package which, he said, was a case which must be kept secret. In another part of the town another woman was apprehended. Her black bag contained a lunch, not in the least suspicious looking except, perhaps, the vacuum bottle, which was strapped in a case that was locked. When asked to open it she refused.

At this point Slick, who had heard of the case, jumped on his wheel and rode to the Captain's office. "Hello, son," said the Captain, "you're a little late, but still in time for our fall opening of black bags." The prisoners were lined up and, notwithstanding their objections, the contents of their bags were spread upon the Captain's desk, to wit: A vacuum bottle, a Bible, a sealed packet of legal papers and a doctor's instrument case.

Suddenly the door opened and a policeman entered with a young man who had at first eluded the law, the man with the frank blue eyes and the genial smile. His black bag was forced from his hands and when opened

disclosed a dark lantern and an automatic, which, he said, he used in a play in which he acted the rôle of a burglar.

"Well," said the Captain to Slick, "in spite of your warning the bank has been robbed, but we have demonstrated the efficiency of the Police Department and that without the services of our most expert Slick," and he smiled indulgently upon that young man.

Slick smiled back. "You have demonstrated the efficiency of the department, for I am sure you have the thief in this group, but I have proved that the bank is easy to break into and I'll bet you now that you can't tell me which of these people is the thief."

The Captain smiled again. "I'll tell you in a minute," and he set about opening the Sunday school teacher's Bible.

*(To be concluded in next week's Tribune)*

### "Slick" Announcements

**THREE** people, two girls and a boy, sent in a correct solution to the Slick Story No. 2, "A Thief in the House"—Olivia Edith Chapman, Long Beach, Long Island; Frank Reilly, 1210 Tinton Avenue, The Bronx, N. Y., and Anna Friedman, 211 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. To each one we are sending "Animals in Art Stamps," published by the New York Zoological Park, and one Thrift Stamp.

We are glad to find a boy among the prize winners this time.

Readers of the Children's Tribune fifteen years old and younger are invited to send in a solution to the mystery story. The answers must be mailed on or before Saturday, October 18, and a special prize will be given for the best suggestion. George Mitchell's solution will be printed in next Sunday's Tribune, October 19. There must not be more than 200 words in the suggested solution of the mystery. Let all the young Sherlock Holmeses step up front. Write to  
**THE MYSTERY MAN.**

## Deceitful Manty

**M**ANTY is thin—there are no two ways about that—and she is not pretty, so under the circumstances she must resort to other means besides personal charms to attract her dinner. Manty looks like a twig, she is so thin and round; and her dinner will oftentimes walk right up to her, thinking she is a twig.

She lets them come toward her until they show signs of distrust, then Manty will rear herself up in the attitude shown in the illustration and from which she gets her name of Praying Mantis or Rear Horse. I think she should be called Preying Mantis, as she lives on other insects, don't you?

When she is erect and her prey has come within her reach she suddenly throws herself onto the victim and clasps him on either side of the body with her stout forelegs, which are armed with strong, sharp spines which

enter the body of her prey, and it seldom gets away from her.

Manty uses her resemblance to a twig as protection from birds and other enemies, and very successfully, too. But we must forgive Manty her deceitful attitude, for she is very useful in destroying harmful insects, and really, you know, a body must eat. So we will think kindly of Manty for the good she does.

### "THE BUGOLOGIST"

